The True Northerner.

PAW PAW, MICHIGAN.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Puss and Her Three Kittens.

Our old cat has kittens three;
What do you think their names should be?
One is a tabby with emerald eyes,
And a tail that's long and slender;
But into a temper she quickly flies,
If you ever by chance offend her.
I think we shall call her this—
I think we shall call her that;
Now, don't you fancy "Pepper-pot
A nice name for a cat?

One is black, with a frill of white,
And her feet are all white fur, too;
If you stroke her, she carries her tail upright,
And quickly begins to purr, too.
I think we shall call her this—
I think we shall call her that;
Now, don't you fancy "Scotikin"
A nice name for a cat?

One is a tortoise shell, yellow and black,
With a lot of white about him;
If you tease him, at once he sets up his back;
He's a quarrelsome Tom, ne'er doubt him!
I think we shall call him this—
I think we shall call him that;
Now, don't you fancy "Scratchaway"
A nice name for a cat?

Our old cat has kittens three,
And I fancy these their names will be:
"Pepper-pot," "Scotikin," "Scratchaway"—there!
Were there ever kittens with these to compare?
And we call the old mother—now, what do you think?
"Tabitha Longclaws Tiddlewink."
—*Thomas Hood.*

Good-Will.

In one of my walks, the other day, I saw two boys of my acquaintance, whom I shall call Orson and Robin, playing a game of barn-ball. I suppose every country boy knows what that is. The ball is thrown against the unclapboarded side of a barn, or any suitable building, and, as it rebounds, the thrower, who stands behind the knocker, tries to "catch him out." Of course, there must be no windows to knock the ball through, or, the first you know, there will be a pane to pay for, and, quite likely, somebody very cross about it. A nice little game it is for two; and, as I used to be fond of it when I was a boy, and am something of a boy still, I stopped to watch my young friends Orson and Robin.

They played very well, and I sympathized so much with their enjoyment that I was myself a little disappointed when Orson's aunt appeared with a letter which she said must go to the postoffice at once, and asked Orson to carry it.

Now, Orson was her favorite nephew, and I have no doubt she had given him the very ball and bat he was playing with at the moment. She is always making him presents or doing him favors. So, hard as it was for him to leave his sport, I expected to see him, nevertheless, run with the letter, to please one who was constantly doing things to please him. On the contrary, however, he grumbled out, "Can't go now; I've got Rob here to play with me," and continued pitching the ball.

It is very important the letter should go to-night," pleaded the aunt. "Come, Orson, dear; then you can play when you come back."

"I don't want to! I can't!" And bounce went the ball again, tossed against the old barn.

"Oh, yes, go!" said Robin. "I'll go with you."

But Orson still refused, while the aunt turned back sadly toward the house.

"I'll go alone, then," cried Robin. "Mrs. Woodman! I'll take the letter!" And he ran after her to get it.

"Oh, come, now! You'll spoil all the fun!" growled Orson, who was so angry that he would not go with Robin, but stayed about the barn and sulked—flinging the ball occasionally, and trying to knock it himself—until his companion returned.

I was walking by again, when Robin came back; and I think if my readers could see what I then saw in the faces of those two boys, it would be a great deal better than anything I could write. I thought of it a few days later, when I received the editor's kind invitation to "talk" to the boys of *St. Nicholas;* and I wished that I could paint for them that picture instead:

Orson, sullen, gloomy, selfish, unhappy.

Robin, bright, cheerful, radiant with satisfaction and good-will—until he came within the shadow of Orson's discontent.

As I cannot paint this contrast, I may as well make it a text for my "Talk." The world is full of Orsons, boys and men; there is, moreover, an Orson and a Robin in almost every one—a spirit of selfishness and a spirit of good-will; and I am going to ask each of my young readers to look for these two fellows in himself—to get rid of the bad company of the one, and to cultivate the society of the other.

There are many subjects which I should like to talk with the boys about; but it seems to me they may be nearly all summed up in that one golden word —*Good-will.* Robin has this beautiful gift, and it makes him helpful and happy. Orson lacks it; and the opposite quality not only renders him miserable, when things do not go to suit him, but gives him the dreadful power of making others uncomfortable. The good spirit will make a brave, generous, upright, manly man of Robin; the bad spirit—if it be not cast out—will make a selfish, unaccommodating, hard, ill-natured man of Orson. Need I ask you, my dear boy, which *you* would rather be?

I have called the good spirit a *gift;* are those, then, to blame who have it not? But I have also said—or meant to say—that every one has it in a greater or less degree, and that all can cultivate it. Easy enough it seems for Robin to give up for the moment his own pleasures, and hasten to do a good action; his joy is in it, and he knows that his sports are all the sweeter when, after it, he comes back to them. It is not so easy for Orson, because he thinks too much about himself, in the first place; partly, also, because he is not wise, and does not know the satisfaction there is in generous conduct. Ah, if I could only show him his own portrait, and convince him that even he has a Robin side, which he can show to the world when he will, and make sunshine with it for himself as well as for others!

I suppose you all, my boys, are looking for some sort of success in life; it is right that you should; but what are your notions of success? To get rich as soon as possible, without regard to the means by which your wealth is acquired? There is no true success in that; when you have gained millions, you may yet be poorer than when you had nothing; and it is that same reckless ambition which has brought many a bright and capable boy like you, not to a great estate at last, but to miserable failure and disgrace—not to a palace, but to a prison. Wealth, rightly got and rightly used, rational enjoyment, power, fame—these are all worthy objects of ambition, but they are not the highest objects, and you may acquire them all without achieving true success. But if, whatever you seek, you put *good-will* into all your actions, you are sure of the best success at last; for, whatever else you gain or miss, you are building up a noble and beautiful character, which is not only the best of possessions in this world, but also is about all you can expect to take with you into the next.

Fifty years ago, a young man opened a small dry-goods store in New York. He had been a schoolmaster, but having loaned his money to a friend, in order to start him in business, he was obliged, by his friend's illness, to assume the business himself. On the morning of the opening, he heard his clerk tell a woman that the colors in a piece of calico he was selling would not wash out. He reproved him for the falsehood on the spot.

"You know they are not fast colors. Then why do you say they are?"

"I thought I was here to sell goods," was the clerk's poor excuse.

"So you are," said the employer. "But you are to sell goods for just what they are, not for what they are not. Don't misrepresent anything, though you never make a sale. Treat every customer just as you would wish to be treated yourself. Ask a fair price for everything, and do not deceive anybody. I believe that is a true principle of business, and I am going to carry it out."

"It is a fine theory," replied the clerk; "but it can't be carried out in any line of business. If you are going to try it, I may as well look for another place, for you won't last long."

The employer did try it, however; and when he died a short time ago he left one of the three largest fortunes in America. His name was A. T. Stewart. What became of the clerk I do not know.

Now, I do not mean to hold up Mr. Stewart as an example to be followed by the boys I am talking to. But he is a striking illustration of the fact that deception in trade is not necessary to success. He believed, on the contrary, that in the long run it could only lead to failure. Here is a golden saying from the lips of a man who in fifty years amassed more than $50,000,000:

"I CONSIDER HONESTY AND TRUTH AS GREAT AIDS IN THE GAINING OF FORTUNE."

If such a man, with such wealth, should go still farther, and make *good-will* to his fellow-men the leading motive of his life, what a power he might become, and what a halo of glory would crown his name!

Ah, my boys, what a world this would be if this spirit prevailed in it—if on every side we met those ready to help and cheer, instead of being compelled always to be on our guard against selfishness and fraud! Now, every one can do his share toward making his own little world such a world. I have known a single brave, manly, generous boy to influence a whole school, so that it became noted for its good manners and good morals. I have also seen a vicious boy taint a whole community of boys with his bad habits, and set them to robbing orchards and birds'-nests, torturing younger children and dumb animals, using bad language and tobacco, and doing a hundred other things which they foolishly mistake for fun.

Good-will should begin at home. How quickly you can tell what sort of spirit reigns among the boys or in the families you visit! In some houses there is constant warfare; at any time of day you hear loud voices and angry disputes.

"You snatched my apple and eat it up!"

"Touch that trap ag'in, Tom Orcutt, and I'll give ye somethin' ye can't buy to the 'pothecary's!"

"Ma! sha'n't Sam stop pullin' my hair? He's pulled out six great handfuls already!"

"He lies! I ha'n't touched his hair."

"Who's been stealin' my but'nuts?"

"Pete shot my arrow into the wall—and now sha'n't he make me another?"

Then go into a house where you find peace instead of war, innocent and happy sports instead of rude, practical jokes—and, oh, what a difference!

You may always tell a boy's disposition by noticing his treatment of his sisters. A mean and cruel boy delights in tyrannizing over smaller children; but in the presence of stronger boys he can be civil, and even cringing. A cowardly fellow like that is pretty sure to exercise his ill-nature upon the girls at home.

Now, I know that many of the boys I am talking to have far more good-will than they ever show. Their disagreeable ways are the result of long habit and want of thought. The spoiled child is pretty sure to form such ways. He is accustomed to think only of himself, and to have others think chiefly of him. That is the trouble, I suspect, with Orson. Will he, when he reads this, resolve to break up the old, bad habit, and cultivate the better spirit that is in him?

By good-will I do not mean simply good nature. *Good nature* may sit still and grin. But *good-will* is active, earnest, cheering, helpful.

Ah, my boys, I have told you many stories—and I have no doubt some of you wish I had made this a story instead of a talk. But the real motive of all my stories—the lesson I have always wished to teach in them, but which I am afraid some of you have overlooked—has been this which I am trying to impress upon you now. If I were to write as many more, the hidden moral lurking in every one of them would be the same. Or, if I were now to take leave of you forever, and sum up all I have to say to you in one last word of love and counsel, that one word should be—GOOD-WILL.—*J. T. Trowbridge, in St. Nicholas for April.*

Crystallized Horses.

Real, live horses incrusted with crystal! Most of my children would think that could not be a possible thing, I suppose; but I have some boys and girls away off in British America, or even in Minnesota, or Iowa, or Dakota, who could tell you that it is possible, for they have seen it.

In these places, as in other cold countries, a horse when resting after a rapid drive in the frosty atmosphere, will be found covered with ice-crystals. It is the moisture from his body and his breath which has frozen upon him, forming beautiful little ice-crystals over his whole form. In this condition he looks like an immense toy horse covered with sugar.

Who among you have seen this thing "with your own eyes?"—*Jack-in-the Pulpit.*

The Fireflies' Exploit.

In the twilight of a lovely June evening the fireflies began to flit over the broad, green meadow. First one, then two more, then a dozen, till at last there were myriads displaying their tiny lights. But somehow or other their lights seemed to be much more dim than usual, and one firefly, who felt important, because he was a little bigger than the others, paused in the shadow of the great maple-tree, to find out the reason. He looked all around, but couldn't see anything uncommon; then, in a fit of rage, he flew to the top of a tree, when, happening to look up he beheld the moon's silver crescent in the West. "Ah! that is it," he cried; "my friends, we are small, but we are many, and the moon, because she is big, thinks to outshine us all! But we will teach her presumption a lesson, my friends; we will chase her out of our dominions." So he marshaled his fiery army and led them up, up as high as he could, after the moon, who still shone on as brightly as ever. The vexed fireflies returned to the charge again and again, while the moon calmly continued to sail nearer the west, until at last she suddenly disappeared. Then there was rejoicing among the fireflies. Their great enemy was vanquished! They had triumphed at last! Their little lights shone with the utmost brilliancy as they danced and flitted and danced again over the meadow. Their joy seemed boundless, for they kept up their festivities far into the night, when I left them still in high glee. Now, what do my little readers think of the fireflies' wonderful victory? —*New York Tribune, Jr.*

Jews Repeopling Palestine.

Mr. Neil shows that the population of Palestine is double what it was ten years ago, the new-comers being Jews, and chiefly from Russia. Three years ago such an influx took place to Saphed, one of the four holy cities in Galilee, that there were no houses to receive the immigrants, and many had to camp out. A plot of ground near Jerusalem was sold for twenty times its former price. Building goes on by night as well as day. Two little colonies have settled just outside Jaffa gate.

The real causes of this migration are, first, that only recently could a Jew own land in Palestine without becoming a Turkish subject; and, secondly, the new law in Russia (1874) by which all Jews must be enrolled for military service. It is probable that Russia, until recently, contained one-third of the Jewish race; and, just as they begin to feel the pressure of these military demands upon them, albeit these mean their relief from some previous burdens, they find the old oppressions of the "Second Woe" (as they used to call the Turkish rule which shut them up in one wretched quarter of Jerusalem) removed to a large extent.

But it is evident that a large proportion of the new emigrants to Palestine are animated by religious enthusiasm. This is shared by Christian enthusiasts also, as is particularly the case with a German colony there known as the Hoffmanites, their leader being a Dr. Hoffman, but calling themselves the "Society of the Temple." They are about a thousand, mostly from Wurtemberg, and have branches at Jerusalem, Jaffa and Haiffa, where they are industrious mechanics and tradesmen, and greatly promote the welfare of the country. This society seems to have some Jewish proselytes, which have probably been obtained through their not maintaining the Christian sacraments or symbols, and by their refusal to join in any missionary work. They believe that they are fulfilling prophecy by simply promoting the prosperity of Palestine, and living moral and benevolent lives.

Of course the zealous missionary, Mr. Neil, regards all such facts as mere secondary agents in the divine plan, with which plan he is obviously familiar. Six thousand years of prevailing evil are to be now followed by a millennium of 360,000 literal years.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The Space Traveled in Writing.

A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his quill through a space of a rod—sixteen feet and a half. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong, and in five hours and a third a mile. We make on an average sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words a minute, we must make 480 to each minute; in an hour, 28,800; in a day of only five hours, 144,000, and in a year of 300 days, 43,200,000. The man who made 1,000,000 strokes with a pen in a month was not at all remarkable. Many men, newspaper men for instance, make 4,000,000. Here we have, in the aggregate, a mark 300 miles long, to be traced on paper by each writer in a year. In making each letter of the ordinary alphabet we must make from three to seven strokes of the pen—or an average of three-and-a-half to four.

A Novel Exhibition.

Capt. A. H. Bogardus, of Elkhart, Ill. champion wing shot, has made a match of novel character with a prominent citizen of New York. He has bet $500 even that he will break 1,000 glass balls in two hours and forty minutes, the balls to be sprung from three or more traps, though only one ball to be sent into the air at one time. The shooter will stand eighteen yards from the traps, and no ball to be counted unless broken before striking the ground. It is also stipulated that Bogardus shall use one gun throughout the match, unless the gun becomes disabled, when other guns can be chosen. Two sets of barrels are allowed, and he will confine himself to 1¼ ounce shot. This is the first time the Captain has ever attempted the feat.—*New York Herald.*

FASHION NOTES.

SPRING MANTLES.

The new mantles are scarf-shaped, much shorter behind than those now worn, with long slender fronts. There is but one seam in the back, and there are no long shoulder seams, but merely a dart from the neck to the shoulder tip, such as is used in Talmas and round capes. Instead of a folded wing-like piece over the arm, there is a slit for the arm to pass through. This gives a more slender and stylish effect.

LACE SHAWLS, SPANISH VEILS, ETC.

Small black lace points in shawls are worn in various ways by Parisian ladies. They are arrayed over the shoulders as fichus carelessly knotted on the breast, or as Spanish veils over the hair. They are imported in llama and in fine laces; $48 is the price of those of fine quality.

ALPACAS, BRILLIANTINES, ETC.

Smooth-surfaced mohair goods, such as alpacas and brilliantines, have retained their place as serviceable materials during the long reign of soft fabrics with rough surfaces. This is especially true of black alpacas; and it is now rumored that colored alpacas in combination with checked and figured mohair are again coming into general use. The fine black brilliantines sold at $1 a yard and upward are now made of pure jet black tints with luster-like silk, and are of medium weights that may be worn all the year, or else of light weight for spring, summer and fall. Among the favorite brands are the Buffalo alpacas, beaver mohairs and Turkish sable brilliantines.

SUMMER PARASOLS.

Bunting parasols are the novelty to be offered for spring and summer use. They are made of navy blue or of white bunting, with canopy-shaped tops, a ring and bow to close them, and sticks of bamboo. For trimming around the edge, loops of ribbon half an inch wide are arranged, or else the ribbon hangs like a fringe, and is finished at the edge with a button or a tassel. Thus a blue bunting parasol with blue bunting lining will have cardinal red loops of ribbon for a border, and the ring that passes over the top to close it will have a cardinal ribbon tied on it; others are similarly trimmed with white. For more dressy parasols black brocaded silk is used, and the lining is white silk pinked on the edges; a broad band of satin is woven near the edge, and the black ribbon loops of the border have a tassel on each, or else there are rows of black fluted lace headed by a ruche. The handles for these handsome parasols are of ebony or of black lacquered wood, with Japanese designs of birds and flowers in gold lacquer, or else dotted with pearls, or they may be pearl or ivory handles with gold engraved heads, carnelian knobs, or silver horseshoe links and chains to fasten them to the belt. Many of the ebonized handles have silver ornaments of heads and flower medallions. Light fancy sticks of bamboo or other wood with natural roots at the end are especially liked. Black gros-grain parasols trimmed with lace are very handsome. Smaller parasols for children are shown in brighter colors and combinations of the designs just described. The cardinal red silk sun umbrellas and parasols introduced last year are offered again.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Cool Proposition.

The following letter from the guard, who has charge of Anderson, shows the filial respect and consideration which the young murderer has for his aged father. He wants the old man to take his place on the gallows, and offers to reward him for the self-sacrificing act. The old man would like to help his boy, but thought of Steve's offer, although flattering, "he couldn't see it jess yet." The following is the guard's letter:

AIKEN, S. C., March 6.—Anderson, one of the Hausmann murderers, who is to be hanged on the 16th of this month, sent for his father the other day, and made a proposition to the gray-haired man, now verging on 70 years of age. The son told the old man that he was young and was to hang on the 16th of this month. "You is old, dad, and will soon lebe dis land; den thair will not be any one is dis world to look after moder. Now, dad, if you will hang in my place I will give you $50 and my mule." The old man hesitated a moment and scratched his head. The son, thinking he was about to take him up, added an additional $50 by the way of a clincher.

The old man in the meantime had collected his senses, got control of his tongue and informed his anxious young hopeful:

"The mule and de money was a powerful conducement, but dis old nigger scaped de rope dis far, and he could not jess see how de mule or de greenbacks gwine to help him any arter he done dead; he was open to conviction, but somehow he couldn't see it jess yet."

E. BECK, Guard.

—*Aiken (S. C.) Cor. New York Herald.*

Paris and the Tourists There.

Paris continues to increase steadily in favor with tourists. From statistics recently published it would appear that during the year 1876 the number of travelers who came to Paris amounted to 512,522, of whom 374,488 were French and 138,034 foreigners. For 1875 the number was 502,303; French, 362,498; and foreigners, 139,805. For 1874 the number was 458,686; French, 334,888; and foreigners, 123,798. Thus, taking the population of France in round numbers at 38,000,000, and deducting 2,000,000 for the population of Paris, it will be seen that during the past year the proportion of provincial Frenchmen who saw the capital was rather more than one out of a hundred men, women and children—say one grown-up male out of twenty-five. It would be interesting to know how much money was spent by the half million of travelers for business or pleasure. If they disbursed 100 francs apiece, they must have put £2,000,000 into the pockets of Parisians; if 1,000 francs apiece, £20,000,000.

American Competition with English Manufacture.

A communication from one of the representatives in Canada of a leading firm of hardware merchants in Staffordshire contains the following:

"I have just returned from a trip through the lower provinces. I find that the whole country is overrun by American travelers soliciting orders for their manufactures at almost any price to secure a sale. I feel sure in my own mind that a very large portion of the hardware trade is altogether lost to England. For instance, of Birmingham and Wolverhampton wares they have secured many of the leading lines—namely, door locks, mortise locks, chest and till locks, cupboard locks, butts and hinges, carriage bolts, gas and boiler tubes, scales, and to a great extent hollow wares. From all I can learn they are in a position to retain the hold they have got."

Hydrophobia.

Hydrophobia has been known for 3,000 years, yet its cause is still a matter of speculation. It does not originate from heat, for dogs in the warmest climates, such as South Africa, Jamaica, West Indies and South America, have never been affected by it. Want of water does not produce it, since dogs have been kept forty days without water and not gone mad. Insufficient and unwholesome diet are not the causes, since the curs of Madeira are the vilest and most ill-kept of the world, and rabies is unknown among them. Whether it is a spontaneous production in the dog, cat and wolf is also unsettled. The fact that in remote countries of the world, where the disease has never been communicated, its existence is unknown would imply that it must be acquired by communication, yet Marray, an eminent writer on the subject, and others believe the contrary. Of the real nature of the virus little is known. It has never been analyzed. Though rabies in man is in most cases communicated by the bite of a dog, yet the symptoms are widely different. Man abhors and detests water with spasmodic loathing, while the dog searches for it and drinks it with avidity. The statistics and experiments in hydrophobia are suggestive and interesting. Inoculation of the saliva of rabid animals, as practiced by Herbert Hertwig, succeeded in only 23 per cent. of the animals operated upon, 77 escaping. According to Faber's statistics, out of 145 persons bitten by rabid animals in Wurtemberg, only 28 had hydrophobia. John Hunter records a case where, of 21 persons bitten by a mad dog, only one was affected. Again we have of 114 persons bitten by mad wolves, 67, or more than one-half, fell victims. In France, in 1852, a commission was appointed to examine into the subject of rabies, and of 136 cases in human subjects, 105 were from the bites of dogs, 20 from bite of wolves, 8 from bite of cats, and 5 unknown. In 69 cases, where the exact date of the appearance of hydrophobia after the bite was ascertained, it seems that 14 cases were fatal after the first month after the bite, 41 cases from the end of the first month to the end of the third, 8 from beginning of fourth to end of sixth, and 6 from seventh to end of tenth month. No cases occurred after one year. Three died the first day, 8 the second, 28 the third, 21 the fourth, 4 the sixth day, and the remaining 10 in from seven to twenty days.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Fighting With a Grizzly Bear.

Last week Mr. Walpole, of Lassen county, started out early in the morning to visit a deer lick. He had his rifle, bowie knife, and a large deer hound. On crossing a deep canon he espied a huge grizzly about fifty or seventy-five yards off. He pulled up and blazed away, but he only wounded the monster, and before he had time to re-load his rifle the bear was close upon him. Mr. Walpole hit him on the head with the butt of his rifle, and his bearship dealt him one on the shoulder that paralyzed him for a second. Mr. Walpole drew his bowie knife and planted it deep in the beast's breast. This only enraged the animal still more, and, seizing his destroyer in his powerful arms, he gave him an embrace that rendered him totally unconscious. He lay where the bear had dropped him until late in the afternoon, when a neighbor was attracted to the spot. The bear was found not far off dead as a door-nail. He measured eleven feet in length and weighed in the neighborhood of 1,400 pounds. Mr. Walpole, although badly bruised, is not seriously injured.—*California Mountain Messenger.*

The Oldest Lawyer.

A New York exchange says: "Probably the oldest lawyer in the world is the Hon. Elbert Herring. He was born on the 8th of July, 1777, at Stratford, Ct., thus making him 99 years of age. He was admitted to the bar in December, 1799, and made a Judge in 1805. He was the first Register ever appointed in the State of New York. It was in his office that the present eminent lawyer, Charles O'Conor, studied law. He remembers New York when it extended up no further than what is now known as Ann street, at present considered 'awfully far down.' He says that in 1782 the population of New York was estimated between 22,000 and 25,000; now it is over 1,000,000. He remembers distinctly his association with Daniel Webster and many other men distinguished in their day and time above their fellows."

A Presidential Poem.

Every English school-boy knows the poetical catalogue of his country's Kings —"First, William the Norman, then William his son," and so down. Let American boys try this for their kings:

George Washington first to the White House came;
And next on the list is John Adams' name.
Tom Jefferson next filled the honored place.
The name of James Madison next we trace.
The fifth in succession was James Monroe;
And John Quincy Adams the next below.
Then Andrew Jackson was placed in the chair;
And next we find Martin Van Buren there.
Then William H. Harrison's name we meet,
Whose death gave John Tyler the coveted seat.
Then James K. Polk was the nation's first choice;
Next for Zachary Taylor she gave her voice,
Whose premature death brought in Millard Fillmore;
And next Franklin Pierce the distinction wore.
The fifteenth was Jemmy Buchanan, they say,
Who for Abraham Lincoln prepared the way:
Whose martyrdom gave Andy Johnson a chance.
The eighteenth name was Ulysses S. Grant's.
And now we find in later days
The nineteenth name is R. B. Hayes.

AN EMPRESS' LACES.—Visitors at Stewart's New York store are much interested in examining the laces of the Empress Eugenie, which are now there on exhibition. These laces were made especially for the Empress at the manufactory in Brussels. The overdress is five and one-half feet in length, with a depth in front of more than a yard, and is valued at $100,000. The shawl is said to have occupied eighty lace experts a whole year, and to be made from the fiber of the pine-apple. It has the appearance of creamy white silk point, joined together as a groundwork, over which are scattered numerous varieties of flowers. The net is very fine, but with a magnifying-glass the delicate meshes are apparent. The flowers are set in after the manner of applique, and the whole shawl is bordered with fringe. It is valued at $100,000.

BOB-O'-LINK.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his am:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink!
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can
Chee, chee, chee!"

WIT AND HUMOR.

"A. D. F."—You are wrong. An apiary is not a place for keeping monkeys.

SPURGEON says men with squeaky boots ought not to come to church. That's the reason so many don't.

SAYS an exchange: "A bad cough makes all men equal." Yes, that's so. There is no aristocracy when we come to the coughin'.

A LONDON joker remarks that it is quite natural for newly-married couples to turn pale, for the ceremony itself makes them wan.

A PHRENOLOGIST says the principal bump on George Washington's head is adhesiveness. He alludes to George's head on a postage stamp.

M. QUAD, of the Detroit *Free Press,* is inventing a flying-machine, and wants to fight a duel with the editor who knocked the "f" off of flying.

THE old man's toast; "It's hard work to keep your sons in check while they're young; it's harder to keep them in checks when they grow older."

TALK about your blue-glass cure! One of our subscribers writes: "I have just looked over a file of the *Bulletin* for a week back."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THEY are trying to make a law in Arkansas to punish keno-players. Every member of the Legislature can call up sad recollections in connection with the bill.

THE change to the latest style of lady's hat is readily accomplished now by simply unshipping the bustle and transferring it to the top of the wearer's head.

A NEW YORK office-holder attended church the other Sunday, and dodged behind a seat when the minister gave out the hymn, "Strike the resounding lyre."

SOME of the newspapers in the East have discovered that monogram garters are no longer worn. Out this way the reporters hunt for murders, conspiracies and the like.

A MICHIGAN farmer abused his mother-in-law, and then asked her to lower him down the well to recover the lost dipper. The Coroner decided that the rope broke, though others thought it had been cut.

OF a picture of Moses in the bulrushes, where Miss Pharaoh seems to be "leaving him to be drowned," the Philadelphia *Bulletin* wants to know "whether it is a water-culler or a Nile-painting."

AN Irishman, who fell down on the ice, was asked why he did not wear creepers, "Crapers!" he exclaimed, as he scratched his head significantly, "Och, and bejabers, I've plenty o' crapers, but they're in the wrong end."

"YES, fun is fun," the old man said, as he brushed away a tear,
And wildly clutched his pantaloons—the portion in the rear;
"But putting crooked pins and sich in a person's easy chair
Is rather more, I swow to gosh, than mortal man can bear!"

SOCIETY journals mention that bridal trips are becoming unfashionable. The wedding generally takes place at 4 o'clock p. m., and the bridegroom spends the balance of the afternoon figuring for a position at the dinner table as far removed as possible from the seat occupied by his mother-in-law.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

"Oh, lovely Jeannie, blithe and sweet,"
Quoth Jockey, bending to her ear,
"You birdie hath her nest complete;
She tells us mating time is near.
The other rogue's like me in this—
He's longing for a bridal kiss."
"Dost heed the date, Oh Jocky, love?"
Quoth Jeannie, shaking back her curls;
"What though the sunshine beams above?
It bodes no warmth for birds or girls.
You songsters laugh at Nature's rules;
I fear me, Jock, they're April-fools."

THE new Secretary of the Navy, having been informed that there were buoys belonging to his department in New York harbor, immediately issued an order commanding them to report to their ships without delay. "Discipline is discipline," says the old salt, "if I have to skin every boy in the navy."—*Hawk-Eye.*

"NOT IF I CAN HELP IT."

We went home the way that was longest,
And the way was not very far,
But the way seemed not at all far.
At the gate we took quite a long rest,
And I said, looking up at a star—
Said to Mattie—but not to the star—
"Could I kiss you without doing wrong—lest
Wrong doing your feelings should mar—
Your very fine feelings would mar?"
Said she: "Not unless you're the strongest,
And I know quite well that you are."
She added: "I'm sure that you are."

ONE day Bill had company to dine with him; and his wife, wishing William to appear well, quietly admonished him to be careful what he said. All went well till Bill got his potatoes well mashed, when he said: "Dolly, parse the grease!" "Why, William," said his wife, "you should call it gravy." "Wall," says Bill, "I guess if I got it on your table-cloth it would be grease."

DR. MARY WALKER got up the other morning in a thoughtful, dreamy mood, hermind dwelling on reminiscences of the happy by-gone days, and in an absent manner she tried to put her pantaloons on over her head, and she worked herself into a fit of passion and vexation before she recovered herself and saw what the matter was. Then she sat down on the side of the bed with the legs of those navy-blue breeches dangling around her fair neck and cried like a woman for half an hour.